

# Forgive My Ex-husband

Chapter 11 Like An Actor

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"Mr. Nelson, it's very late right now. Let's go back so that you can have a rest. You can come back later. Don't worry. Miss Yulia will be well taken care of by others now," said the butler. Gavin knew that Nelson was not only sympathizing with Melinda, but also a little angry so he tried to calm him down and get him out of the hospital.

"Alright, let's go,"

Nelson said coldly, without even glancing at Yulia. He was obviously very disappointed, and Yulia bit her lips in hesitation since she didn't know how to appease him.

She felt very hurt and wondered how her grandfather would treat Melinda better than he treated his own granddaughter? Was it because she was the daughter of a mistress? Yulia hated her identity.

Hearing that Yulia would be staying in hospital for some time, Melinda fell quiet and more agitated than before. If it weren't for her injuries and need for more time to recover, she would have moved out a long time ago.

Nelson had always been kind to Melinda and cared about her wellbeing. After being informed of her altercation with Yulia, he apologized profusely to her and even scolded Jonas fiercely faulting him for what had happened although Jonas wasn't there.

Jonas hadn't been home for the last three days and Nelson just kept getting angry with each passing day as he wondered where his grandson was. Melinda on the other hand was as cool as a cucumber and appeared rather relaxed. She was not bothered at all by his absence.

"Mr. Jonas, welcome back," the old butler said gently as he bowed low with a secret smile.

"Your grandfather has been missing you for the last few days. He must be very happy to see that you are back. Mrs. Gu is also looking forward to your return."

'Melinda? Looking forward to my arrival? Heaven will freeze over before that woman has any feelings towards me,'

Jonas snorted in his mind, although he didn't say anything.

Melinda's hand paused midair, and then as if she recovered quickly and remembered her situation, she continued to eat calmly.

If it were before, she would stop what she was doing and greet him enthusiastically.

But now things were different.

Jonas took off his suit jacket as usual, expecting someone to take care of it, but nobody held it for him. Seeing that Melinda was sitting in her place, steady as a mountain, he threw the jacket on the sofa irritably.

"You finally remembered to come back!"

Nelson snorted. He was throwing daggers at his grandson with his eyes, expressing his obvious disapproval and annoyance with

Jonas's behavior. He looked at Melinda apologetically, only to find that she didn't even spare his grandson a glance. He was puzzled when he realized she was behaving as if Jonas was nonexistent.

"Grandpa."

Since Jonas had always respected his grandpa, he greeted him even though Nelson was in a bad mood and clearly expressed

his displeasure with Jonas. The servant quickly added a pair of chopsticks and a bowl, while Melinda put down the chopsticks

she was using and wiped her mouth gracefully.

"I'm full, Grandpa, please enjoy your meal and have a good night."

Smiling, Melinda stood up and left, completely ignoring Jonas. Since Jonas was in a bad mood at being treated as if he was an invisible door post, his cold voice seemed to be able to freeze people.

"Stop."

Melinda stopped in her tracks, but did not turn around, nor did she answer.

"Don't you have anything to say?" Melinda was confused by his strange question. "I don't think we have anything to talk about apart from our divorce," she said with a snarky smile.

There was a weird atmosphere in the air that made everyone else uncomfortable. Nelson didn't know what to do to ease the awkwardness, but Melinda seemed unmoved and kept calm.

Nelson was amused by her response and ability to put Jonas in his place. He was especially amused when he saw the expression of wide-eyed shock on his grandson's face.

"I have something urgent to deal with at the company. I'll go back to the company first."

Then Jonas picked up his jacket from the sofa and quickly walked out of the house. He seemed to be running away. Nelson

couldn't help laughing and said to the butler, "Why am I so comfortable in this weird situation?"

In fact, Jonas had been misunderstood; he wasn't trying to find an excuse to ask to leave. The company really had an

emergency. Reporters were gathered at the entrance of the company, some even hiding and squatting around the building hoping to get firsthand information.

Despite the huge number of reporters, Jonas had his own way and within a short time he had gotten rid of the reporters. When

he returned to his office, the PR manager was waiting for him with a bitter expression on his face.

"Mr. Gu, the impact of this matter on the business is too great. We have tried our best to manage and contain the situation, but it

keeps getting out of hand," the PR manager said in a trembling voice. The most difficult issue they had to deal with, was the

vicious rumors and gossip that were being peddled about their CEO. They feared and didn't know how he would handle it.

"If you are putting in so much effort, then why do our stock prices keep plummeting?"

Jonas narrowed his eyes and turned his head giving everyone a rigid, cold, burning hard stare. When he spoke, his voice was as

cold as icicles and everyone felt a cold chill travel down their spines. When the PR manager heard Jonas's words, he took a big gulp of air and swallowed what he wanted to say. Making up an excuse in front of this devil was the perfect way to have a fast death.

"Mr. Gu, Miss Holley is here to see you," the secretary told Jonas, looking annoyed and distracted.

He was annoyed by Holley's behavior. She was like a fly that kept buzzing around and difficult to get rid of.

"Tell her that I don't want to see her."

Jonas immediately refused to see her without even thinking twice about it. It was because of Holley's actions that nasty rumors had been spreading, which put the company in the situation they currently were in. It was all because a shameless reporter had witnessed Holley dragging him to the hotel and wrote an unsubstantiated article about their relationship. Holley's studio was also not being helpful by milking the publicity and hyping the whole issue to their advantage.

Jonas was a married man and the public would judge him harshly. The company's image was affected badly by this incident. The

public relations crisis and the stock market decline in prices greatly annoyed Jonas.

"She said there was something important she wanted to discuss with..." The secretary summoned up the courage to continue his statement, not wanting to get into trouble. However, before he could finish delivering his message, Jonas threw a cold glance at him, essentially shutting him up. He shrank his neck, turned around silently and pretended to concentrate on work.

"Take care of this. I don't want to see any more paparazzi crouching in front of the company tomorrow morning." Obviously, this was meant for the PR manager. A flash of annoyance crossed his face before he remembered where he was and fixed his facial expression. Then he left in a hurry before he was added more tasks.

The only thing he could do now was to contact the staff of Holley's studio. It was laughable and ridiculous that an unknown model had persistently followed the leading star and now was in charge of managing a studio.

Holley's experience clearly showed that one could get anywhere and be successful as long as they knew the right person.

Holley finally found Jonas's phone number by luck. She persistently kept calling him trying to see if she could get an appointment with him. To further take advantage of the free publicity that she was getting, she figured that it would be best if she took more photos to keep the public talking.

"Holley, you are very brave. How dare you take advantage of the rumors that are being spread about me?"

Jonas asked sarcastically, with a cold smile on his face.

"Jonas, what's wrong with you? You weren't so cold to me that day!"

Holley sounded like an innocent child who was very distraught over everything and was naive. However, anyone who knew her

could instantly tell that she was a stunner and a vixen who was in total control of any situation.

"You are recording our conversation, right?" Jonas was very smart and knew all about the tricks that ambitious stars used to get publicity. A cold smile hung on his lips indicating his opinion on such low antics. A look of regret appeared on Holley's delicate face because she had actually been found out. She had been recording their conversation.



After Jonas hung up the phone, the PR manager came to his office again holding an iPad with trembling hands. A new article had just appeared online again.

The contents in the article, coupled with the recent gossip that had been spreading at a rapid speed, classified Jonas as the scam of the century.

"Mr. Gu, I think our solution has been made easier, it's like a piece of cake. According to the implications in this article, if you and

Mrs. Gu show that you love and are dedicated to each other, you can turn back the whole narrative, and then our crisis will be over," said the manager with a wide grin like a Cheshire cat.

That was the best option he could think of for the time being. Rumor had it that the CEO's wife had been injured but Mr. Gu hadn't been home for the last three days since the day his wife was injured. Any man who had done this would not have gotten away with it, they would be in the dog house for eternity.

"You want us to give a public display of affection?"

The slight crescendo at the end of the question was a clear indication of his disbelief and dissatisfaction with the suggestion. His

love with Melinda was nothing more but a fantasy. The PR manager was aware of their situation. A thin sliver of sweat trickled down his back. The perspiration soaked through his shirt leaving a heavy dark patch as it announced his fear. He wiped the sweat on his forehead and said, "This will just be acting.

As long as you put on a good show and prove that you are still in love with each other in public, everything will be okay."

Meanwhile, the PR manager thought in his mind, 'Mr. Gu, we all know you and Mrs. Gu don't love each other. But you don't have to be like this, at least try and pretend. I feel sorry for Mrs. Gu.'

"Do I look like an actor?" Jonas asked with a sneer. The PR manager shook his head in panic, seeing his well thought out plan going down the drain. In the meanwhile, he couldn't help thinking in his mind that Jonas might not have the acting skills, but he did look like an actor because he was handsome.

With such a combination, he could get away with anything.

"So, forget your stupid idea."

Jonas returned the iPad to the manager.

He knew that many of his employees felt pity for Melinda, but this was what she deserved.

Jonas was in a bad mood, which was directly reflected in his efficiency and the amount of work he had done that afternoon, which was zilch. Looking at the pile of documents that still required his attention, he instantly felt a wave of tiredness. He pressed the bridge of his nose while trying to gently massage the center of his eyebrows in an attempt to ease off the stress building up.

Right at that moment, the phone rang. As Jonas saw the caller ID, his stiff face softened significantly.

"Emily."

"Jonas, are you free tonight? Let's have dinner together. I saw a famous French restaurant on the Internet and I am sure you'll love it," Emily said in a gentle and soft voice, as if she was acting coquettishly.

"Emily, I'm afraid I can't make it tonight, may be next time. Can we take a rain check?"

Jonas wanted to say yes, but considering the mess he was in, he decided not to drag Emily through the mess.

Emily could not hide her disappointment, but she still said in a playful manner, "Okay, but you have to compensate me with two meals."

"No problem." There was a rare touch of softness in Jonas's tone, and a confident smile appeared on the corner of Emily's mouth. She knew that he loved her and doted on her very much.

Tired of pretending that he was working when he knew that he was in no position to be productive anymore, Jonas quickly packed up his office and took the special passage to the underground parking lot. As soon as he drove out of the garage, a minivan discreetly followed him from a distance. Through the rear-view mirror, Jonas spotted the minivan tailing after him, and tried several times to shake them off, but failed. So he decided to turn the car around and drive to the Gu's mansion.

It was difficult for journalists to get into the block where the mansion was located. But some of them were very persistent and

came up with creative ways of getting information.

"Mr. Jonas, your grandfather is already aware of the scandal," the old butler reminded him in a low voice as soon as Jonas got

home. It was because he wanted to warn Jonas to be prepared of the old man's wrath. When Nelson heard about the matter this

afternoon, he lost his temper at once. He only calmed down after Melinda had talked to him and persuaded him to mind his health.

"Got it."

Jonas knew very well that the butler was not only warning him, but also informing him his grandfather was waiting for him in the study. He walked to the door of the study, knocked three times and then pushed the door open.

"Grandpa," Jonas called him in a low voice, breezing into the study in his usually calm manner as if nothing had happened. His demeanor infuriated Nelson.

"Look at the kind of person you have turned into. Your wife is still waiting for you at home, while you are fooling around with another woman. You are a real jerk!" Nelson held his walking stick in an attempt to hit Jonas, but he managed to hold back his anger.

"Tomorrow, Melinda is going to the hospital for a surgery. Go and accompany her. Don't disobey my order, she is still your wife.

Besides, it's good to maintain a good image in the face of a storm."

Nelson knocked on the ground with his walking stick as he spoke slowly.

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